

The Log of The Seven Bells Club By Charles Dryden.



In Which Capt. Jute Commits the Heinous Crime of Mayhem on the High Seas

was subject to internal interruptions. moisten his palms. sea something of body and weight slid menace to human lives?" across the cabin and banged dents in the it was there."

Mr. Wilie Bloke, tourist, burrowed into is ship's property and worth money; but, object skated across the cabin and fetched up with a crash like a Chinese orchestra handing out a fortissimo climax.

"Jute must be a walking in his sleep," vigil on the cabin roof. "And yet I ain't junk. Then appeared the elderly, one seen no nightmare grub in this here

He made another turn on the lookout and again the orchestra exploded in the in matter-of-fact tones. "Since you've

"Good thing for the Luly Alice that I'm us, I don't know." While Bill thus extolled his own im-

portant state of sobriety the voice of Jute "Come down here and see what's kick-

"It ain't him after all: I was mistook," him under the table.

"Did you get it?" asked Jute, "No, the durn thing got me," snarled

What is it?" Striking a match, the mate seized his slow and measured accents. late antagonist on the next slide and

looked it over. "Black tin box, two feet square, sir. Marked M. T. on the blooming lid."

touched Mr. Bloke. Nothing could sting him now, having survived one day and bankrupt booze admiral?" night of his deep-sea vacation.

"Make the box fast," the captain or- where I'm going." dered, "and let us get a few more winks." Bill lashed the orchestra to a leg of the rested for stowing away in my shin?" but slightly refreshed, arose from his wide waste of waters, and then turned couch and sought the open air. He passed his lonesome eye upon the captain. through the forward door and into the lobby left by jutting plank ends that comprised the lumber cargo piled high on deck. Outside the door he tripped over a from the face and voice of Jute. handspike projecting from a crevice, fell

"A gang of farmers must have loaded this vessel!" howled the mutilated com- brainy Mr. Tokens had played his ace, mander, grabbing the bit of rounded wood | On hearing these fearful words, Mr. and trying to drag it clear. "It was a Barnacle permitted a spasm to pass trap set to break my neck."

spike. It was wedged fast. The pallid sent him glimmering for a minute. Mr. Bloke, in his wrinkled suit of near-

OME hours in advance of daylight duck, toddled to the door while Mr. Bar- tain gently ventured. "mayhem means to on the morning of her second day nacle from the lookout on the cabin roof bite or mutilate with the teeth." out the trading bark Luly Alice, gazed in respectful awe at the struggle from San Francisco to Samboa, in the hole. The captain paused to

With each roll of the vessel on a rising "Did you know that handspike was a

"I did not," said Bill. "I never knowed "Bring a saw and cut it off. The spike

his bloated straw mattress and tried to by slush, I won't kill myself to save it!" forget the smell in refreshing slumber. The mate brought a 10-cent counter In his berth, across the cabin, Capt. saw and attacked the spike. When the Theodore P. Jute, organizer of the Seven severed end dropped away the other was Bells Club, tossed and cussed. He, too, drawn in, and out flowed a line of lanneeded repose after thumping the cook guage that surpassed any remarks the on the teeth at the getaway. Again the an impresario.

"Holy poop deck, what does that mean!" gasped Jute.

More language dribbled from the hole, followed by onions in sacks, a couple of muttered Mr. Barnacle, keeping moody bundles of shingles and other high-class eyed face and ardent red whiskers of Mr. Mortimer Tokens, stowaway-surreptitious passengers on board the Luly Alice "Help me out of this crack," he said

sawed my leg off I'm on the burn for "There he goes some more," said Bill. speed. Never was much in that line." Like men in a trance, Bill and the can awake and sober. Wot would become of tain dragged the stowaway from his lair, boosted him to the upper levels and gave him a seat on the cabin roof.

"Very good, thus far, and I thank you gents," said Mr. Tokens. "Now, then, where's my dog? Come here, Ike, old

Out of the crevice in the lumber rolled a seasick bull pup, pink of eye and shaky said Bill. Groping into the cabin the on his pins. Ike was about all in. Mr. chief mate collided with the disturbing Bloke lifted Stowaway No. 2 to the top element which was shooting the chutes of the lumber and gave him a push that to leeward. The impact scraped the mo- sent him reeling to the foot of his master. rocco binding off Bill's shins and knocked There he crouched while the pair focussed three eyes and one empty socket on the skipper,

By this time Jute had speech for the Bill. "Rasped me proper with its dorsal man who helped him found the Seven Bells Club. Folding his arms and plant-"Well, does it bite, draw or gouge? ing his feet wide the commander of the Luly Alice addressed the stowaway in

"So that was your trunk banging the paint off my cabin all last night?" "It were."

"I saw the initials M. T. as I came out, "Empty!" said Jute. "Sounds like.she but I never suspected you." Though outwas leaded with dynamite. Me and the wardly calm, Jute was holding back the explosion that was to obliterate Mr. "You have come to stay, I take it, you

"No. I'm on my way, but don't know

"Are you aware I can have you artable and a holy calm fell upon the Mr. Tokens stuffed a wad of whiskers cabin. Day had come when Capt. Jute, between his lips, gazed over the wide,

> "Fetch on your cops and I'll make a ounter charge." Fully fifty per cent of ferocity dispersed

"What do you mean by a coun forward and filled his brow with splinters. | charge? What crime have I committed?' "Mayhem on the high seas." The

through his system, and even that intel-Erupting threats and much seaworthy lectual journalist, Mr. Bloke, had a dim profanity, he hauled and tore at the sort of hunch. Mayhem on the high seas "As I understand the term." the cap-

"The same," said the victim of may- I'll make you a new leg." hem. "A saw has teeth; it was your saw that cut my leg off. I heard you give the here on the cabin roof all my days." order, and I'm mutilated, ain't I?" Mr. Tokens grew justly incensed. "You may know a little marine law-a very littlebut I was up in criminal jurisprudence. sir, while your bedding was still poisoning the fish off Ellis Island."

"Sir," said the captain, "I never was an immigrant in my life. I was born under the Stars and Stripes, and can

"We will not discuss your birth certifi- ed the operation. cate at this time," Mr. Tokens said. cold-"It is quite irrelevant, non compos serious crime?" Bill asked. mentis and materialistic. The status quo Canned himself with the severed pegleg- his face. There's a \$600 fine for that. I a scepter with which he ruled the situa-

oundless ocean, which was four miles among tough mugs. deep at that point.

Then stay on board till we get to coming in. What is there for that bilious the tidbit. cur to eat?"

Uttering a hopeless howl, Jute plunged into the cabin, followed by the mate. "If I were you, sir," said Mr. Bloke, 'I wouldn't allude to butter in the pres-

Tokens, turning on the tourist. "Say, front legs is bent like an ice tongs, and bub, do you take me for a Filipino?"

wanted it once, and two of them are still other Chink a proper dose of hydroin the hospital."

'Who the devil are you, anyway?" "Just another stowaway like yourself, old one.

only I paid passage," replied Willie, his "We have a singular dog in San Fran-

looking at the stump of his sawed-off leg. "Accidents will happen." "Do you call hiding away in this rotten chase itself."

tub an accident?" Willie wanted to know. "I done it on purpose," Mortimer con- verge of disbelief. essed. "Had to escape quick on account of a love affair."

"Honestly, now," said Willie, "you don't look like a man who would play Santa Claus to a factory girl."

said, softly. "Nothing young and giddy in mine. Her furniture was pretty old, too, though I never seen it. I didn't want force, and they made it so hot I skipped." "How did you manage to get on the ship?" Willie asked.

"Sneaked aboard in the night and had a that tin Saratogy. They tell me the cannibals in Samboa shave with busted beer bottles, so I'm going down to open a tonsorial supply house at fancy prices, I'll butter, and the captain never said a "but I do know the longest sentence."

low and stood before the stowaway There was deference in Bill's manner, "The captain, he says, would Mr.

Tokens have a cup of good coffee?" Mr. Tokens bowed stiffly. While putting in the hot drink and a

biscuit brought by the cook, the stewaway were the aspect of one entirely alone on the Pacific. His eye faded into a far-away look, and he stirred the coffee with a 60-cent table d'hote air. Bill edged closer and closer and finally dropped a hairy paw on the knee of Mr

"I licked you, Morty, the night of the party ashore, but I don't hold no grudge. Let has-beens be has-beens. And, say,

"Well, I should hope so. I can't set "Will you have it hard or soft?"

"Must the leg be boiled, or are you going to steam it?" Morty asked, with me irritation

"Hard or soft wood is wot I mean, Make it soft, for my step is light and

The mate got tools and a stick of pine, nd set to work, while Mr. Bloke watch

"Is mayhem on the high seas a proper "Term in the pen at hard labor and of the case is this: I'm mutilated and it's beans," said the victim. "Mayhem is up to you," and the victim of mayhem next to hitting a man with spectacles on

reckon you know it?" Bill didn't know it till that moment, but The captain took a long look at the he believed that popular fallacy current

"Get a biscuit for the dog." Not only did Bill subpoena a biscuit, Samboa," he snapped. "It means two but he had the nerve to spread it with more ugly mouths to feed and nothing butter and smile at Ike when he served "For a searfaring man, I'm proper fond

"Ikey eats the same things I do-butter of dogs myself," said Bill. "I worship em. Ever see a wrist dog?" After thinking it over, Mr. Tokens had never seen one, he said.

"Curious and likewise queer little animile," Bill went on. "They has 'em ence of the captain. It irritates him. Try thick in Chiny. Little cusses, they are, no bigger than kittens. Rich mandareens "What, me eat salve?" blazed Mr. wear the wrist dog up the sleeve. His he hooks onto the pulse and sticks there, "Pardon me," said Willie, deeply con- a peering out of the sleeve. Now, 'spose used. "By salve I meant pacific meas- another rich mandareen comes up to slap grog locker. By nightfall the pig had res-soothing words, you know. Don't the first one on the wrist. Wot does he speak of butter. Some of his sailors do? He shoves out the dog and gives the

"Oh, I see now. I'm onto Jute," said This remarkable method of conferring the stowaway, warming to Mr. Bloke and hyprophobia while you wait softened Mr. leg of Mr. Tokens. gazing at the giddy touring clothes. Tokens. He said he thought he would like the new leg fully as well as the

under lip quivering, "and it is simply cisco," Mr. Bloke butted in with, seeing awful. I lost my job in 'Frisco and that dogs struck the popular fancy. "He wanted a vacation, and they roped me is a wonder and then some. At the cours. into this four-flush outfit. Isn't it the ing parks they chase jack rabbits with Sympathetic women sobbed profusely greyhounds. One season an epidemic when they were told that for every drop "There may be distressing features in killed off the rabbits and the sport was life on the bounding billers," Mr. Tokens about to blow. But a smart Irishman crossbred the greyhound and the jack rabbit, and produced an animal that could "The idee!" said Bill, staggered to the

Meanwhile Bill had finished the leg. He beveled one side of the stump and an "She was a widow lady," Mr. Tokens end of the new peg, fastened them together with screws and tacked a band of

sheet brass over the joint. it, anyhow. She has a brother on the back to note the general effect. "Any ited with universal knowledge. gent could be proud of that jury leg. It's

a good fit, I hope." Mr. Tokens strapped himself into the answered, dodged, or parried. harness and took a turn about the deck, stevedore smuggle my trunk into the holding onto the rigging. Finding that you recall the shortest verse in the I'll let you know. cabin. There is 300 second-hand razors in the jury leg worked according to Hoyle, Bible?" all hands went down for breakfast. The

> word. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a fuzzy. edly, "Let me hear it." blear-eyed young giant crawled out of "It's that one," said Mr. Wilkie, resumthe forward house. He was one of the ing his smoke contentedly, "which comdrugged seamen dumped aboard when mits a fool to eternal damnation. the Luly Alice sailed the previous day at

"Wot's your name?" asked the mate, who had the watch on deck. "T. Wilson, of Ohio," the fuzzy one re

plied, glaring wildly around, "Sink the Ohio part and take the wheel," said Bill.

"Oh, very well," replied T. Wilson stumbling off toward the bow. "I said the wheel, you half-baked lob-

This gentle hint told T. Wilson the wheel must lie in the other direction. He worked his way aft to the cockpit, relieved the man at the spokes, and in an instant had the bark flat aback. She the Atlantic, At breakfast on the first of reckoning that last wolk must have swung around bow to the wind, with the morning the traveler said: swung around bow to the wind, with the sails slatting and banging and threatening to rip the masts up by the roots. The second mate, awakened by the canonading, came tearing up from his bunk ar- the coast near a lighthouse, and I'm rayed in a short undershirt. All hands, save Mr. Tokens, laid hold of the braces. After a lot of handling and yanking the old bark swung back on her course and the uproar subsided.

"Are you a sailor?" Jute demanded of T. Wilson, who had stood open-mouthed while the fireworks were going off. "I am not, never was and never expect

to be. They kidnapped me, I guess." "What is your business?" asked Jute, edging up, but not daring to hit the lobster because of his size. "I'm a farmer. That's all."

Of all professional men the tiller of the soil at sea arouses the direct contempt in the bosom of the honest mariner. Jute stood speechless and glaring at T. Wilson until an idea struck him. "There's a pig in the pen under the bow. Go forward and scrub him. That's

here. And when you've got him scrub- Funny Cuts. bed," yelled the captain, as the farmer went slouching away, "you may manicure his hoofs!" Spirfted squeals from the bow soon pro-

claimed that T. Wilson, of Ohio, was get- a gift? ting in his deadly work with the scrubbing brush down on the farm. "That's another way we captains get it in the neck," sighed Jute, explaining to the tourist. "The crimps shanghaied that

cuss off a hay wagon, and I signed him as an able seaman, paying the crimps off!"-Sketchy Bits. three months' advance at \$25 per month. They've got my good money, and I've got a cornfield sailor. Hell!" "Marie bleaches her hair, doesn't she?" A louder squeal from the pig drove the "Oh! no. She's naturally light-headed."

captain to the soothing shelter of his -Big Budget

yielded its young life to the advancement of agriculture on the high seas. When Jute came up at sundown he beheld T. Wilson, of Ohio, polishing the strip of sheet brass on the new wooden

A Far-reaching Oration.

The Rev. Mr. Shamaloupe had reluct antly accepted an invitation to hear a rethe white-aproned ruiner of happy homes. of liquor gulped a tear was shed by some distressed wife or grieving mother.

a drizzling rain. an acquaintance of the clergyman.

"Wait till Ike gets a chance to show as he snugged under the proffered um-"Quite well," answered Shamaloupe, off," warned Mr. Tokens. "He's a pip- as he shugged under think it possessed band is?" enough merit to make the angels weep,

Enlightening a Bore.

John A. Wilkle, chief of the Secret "There you are," said Bill, stepping ington sightseers, and is sometimes cred-

A bore peppered questions at the detec tive recently, which were all creditably "Mr. Wilkie," asked the intruder, "can

"No," retorted the officer, desperately, stowaway helped himself twice to the as he took a vicious pull on his pipe,

"You do?" questioned the bore, eag-

Two Scotch friends met one day after

a long absence. One of them had a carmine nose. The other looked into his face and said: "Ah! John, I doot-

But John said he was not to judge by ppearances, as he only drank one glass "Oh! weel," said the other, "yer face is maybe like oor gas meter-it registers naire than it consumes."-Funny Cuts.

Used to a Foghorn.

A minister and a rather bumptious ter, raveler occupied the same cabin across "I hope, sir, my snoring did not disturb

ou during the night?" minister, "not a bit. You see, I live on used to the sound of the foghorn on thick nights."-Merry Moments.

Was of a Different Mind. Fenshaw-I hear that you are to wed

Col. Swinger, Mrs. Grasse. He's a noble of course, people talk about that horse fellow, every inch a soldier, born to and the owner doesn't like it. Widow Grasse-H'm! We'll see about that, Mr. Fenshaw; we'll see about that, after delivery he was back at the sad-

What Her Preference Was, Professor-Do you, then, like a brass Fair Pupil—Oh! yes; I like a brass band very well, but I think I should always

Funny Cuts.

Chance Lower Down. Lady-Are you married, my good man'

prefer a plain gold one!-Funny Cuts.

Crossing-sweeper-Yus, mum; but yer'd of the female character? 'ave a chance down at the next crossing. the only agricultural pursuit open to you The bloke there ain't even engaged.

It Worked Against Him.

Dolly-Spacer says his poetical talent is

gift. Who do you think gave him such Dimples-Some enemy, I presume. Sketchy Bits.

He Was Lucky. "You have had many trials, I suppose my poor man?"

"Yes'm; but, luckily, I've always got "He's a shocking bad shot, then." She Knew.

BITS OF ENGLISH HUMOR.

Soon on the Track. "Look here," she said defiantly, as she

"T. Wilson, of Ohio, Getting in His Deadly Work With the Scrubbing Brush."

band is missing." "You don't say so!"

"I don't say so, don't I? Well, I'll "I was staying in the country, and one nowned Prohibitionist. The orator soon and what's more, you heard me say so. on a wayside bank. On rising I discovlashed his audience into a fury against And I don't propose to stand here and be ered that a sovereign had dropped out of contradicted by any man that lives." geant muttered:

"I didn't mean any offense."

"If that isn't like a man! What dif-The lecture concluded at last, and the ference does it make what you meant? tear-stained audience was dismissed into You don't suppose I care what you meant. "How did you enjoy the talk?" asked haven't you? All I ask is that you mind sent me to the bottom. On picking myit and not make silly remarks. Where's self up what do you think I found? my husband?"

"Why-how do I know where your hus-

oand is?"
the sovereign had been in the bank a year, and had accumulated interest at the is. You're not paid for knowing where rate of 5 per cent."—Smith's Weekly. he is, are you? I haven't been up to the tax collector's office for the last twenty-I mean ten years, paying my share of Service, is looked upon in awe by Wash-ington sightseers, and is sometimes cred-as this, have I?" 'Well, madame, I don't know where he

> is, but I've got a clew." "The first thing we do is to look for a otive. I think I've found out why your

Weekly. Couldn't Be Pleased.

A red-faced man was holding the attention of a little group with some won-

derful recitals. "The most exciting chase I ever had," he said, "happened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and, to my delight, saw the stand, the woman took out her purse and others stop to devour it. After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same re sult, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good, hot supper.'

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laugh-'Why, man," said he, "by your way "Ah!" said the red-faced man withou a tremor, "now, I remember, it did wob-

ble a bit."-Pick-Me-Up.

A farmer, who is noted for his meanness, owns a horse, which, to put it mildly, is rather thin. As if to make up for the smallness of its body, however, the animal has a head out of all proportion. Recently, he went to the expense of

dler's with the collar. "Look here!" he blurted out. "You've made it too small! I can't get it over his "Over his head?" ejaculated the sad-

new collar for his steed. Ten minutes

his head. Back him into it!"-Smiles. Not True to Life. He-I thought the author of this play was famous for his keen understanding

She-Well, do you doubt it? He-Of course. He has just made his heroine say that she "will suffer in silence!"-Illuustrated Bits.

He Had One.

They were talking about dogs. "Well." remarked Jones, "for my part, I think many dogs have more sense than their masters. "Yes," chimed in Softly, "I have a dog

like that at home." (And he couldn't understand why they laughed.)—Funny Cuts. A Poor Shot. "He says he aims to tell the truth."

Edith-I don't know what it is draws me to that fellow Hugger.

Alice-I do; it's his arm.

"By the way," said the romancer of the strode into the police station, "my hus- smoking room the other day, "I don't think I ever told you of a curious incident that once befell me.

have you understand that I do say so, afternoon while out for a walk I rested my pocket. In vain I searched every-She paused for breath, and the ser- where; no trace of the coin could I dis-

"A year later I happened to be in the same district again, and during the course "I clambered up the bank to pick some You've got your business to attend to. ficwers, but it gave way under me, and

"Too Late!" There is a story told of a clergyman who ran like mad one morning to catch a train he had been in the habit of catch-

He missed it by a second or two. So did a workman. The porter had instructions to close the gate of which he husband left home. If I learn any more was in charge at a certain time. He did And he dodged back into his private office and bolted the door.—Smith's Weekly.

And the clergyman said to the workman: "I am of the same opinion. your own way you have expressed it ad-

mirably."-Smith's Weekly.

Cabby's Large Fare. A well-known cabby (in his own city)

had a large fare the other day. She weighed 350 pounds at least. He had brought her from the suburbs extracted a shilling. When she handed it up to the Jehu, he said:

'Madame, will you kindly walk around in front of the horse?" plied: "What for?" "Well," said the cabby, "I want my

herse to see what I had to bring five

miles for a shilling!"-Smiles.

Not for Women. She: "Well, I maintain that women can

do anything that men can." He: "Oh, no. The auctioneer's business is one a woman cannot go into." She: "Nonsense. She'd make every bit as good an auctioneer as a man." "Just imagine an unmarried

roman getting up before a crowd and ex-

claiming: 'Now gentlemen, all I want is an offer!' "-Pick-Me-Up.

A well-known Scotch author and a young friend of his had spent the whole day on the links, and had had some close and exciting matches. As they left for home, the elder man remarked: "Do you think ye could play again to morrow, laddie? "Well," answered the youth, "I was to

be married to-morrow, but I can put it off."-Illustrated Bits.

Explained. Brown-Your friend Thomson is dead. Poet-Impossible! Why, I was at his rooms last night reading my latest poem

Brown-Great Scott, man! Why didn't you say so before? Come at once to the nquest; they are still in doubt as to what caused that sudden relapse!-Funny Cuts.

Not a Few. Benedick-Not married, eh? I'll bet you are fond of a girl, though. Batchellor-Oh, yes, indeed, Benedick-Who is she?

Batchellor-Her name is Legion .-She-Some people profit by the mistakes of others.

He-Yes; like the minister who got a

guinea for marrying us!-Tit-Bits. "I called at your house last night," said Grebe to Hart, "and found you out."
"There, I told the fool of a girl to ses that the blinds were turned the right was Do you think any one else saw in



